Mt. Desert

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GUIDE BOOK

FOR

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, ME.

PORTLAND,
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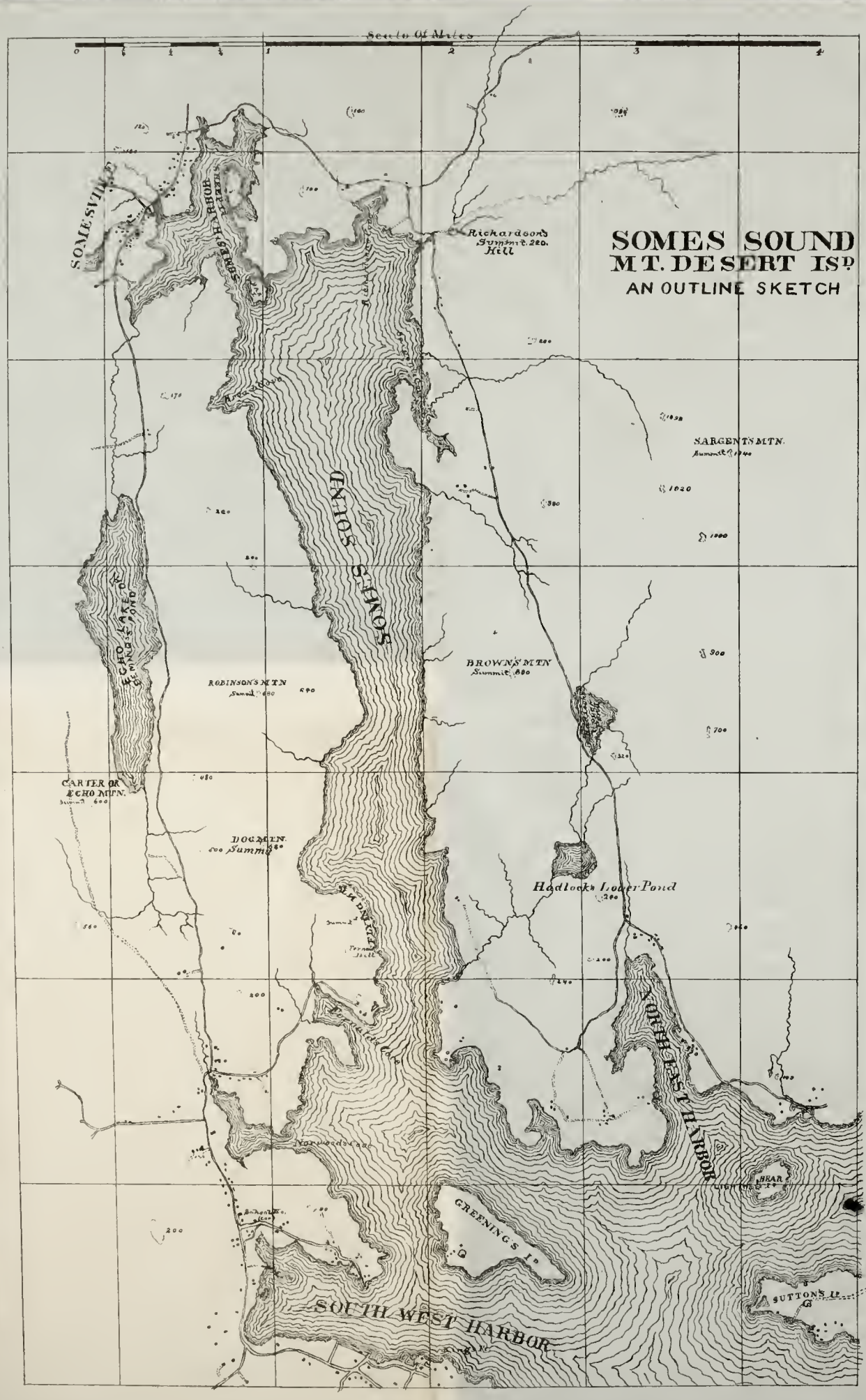
1874.



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Joe N. Steamer.

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MOUNT DESERT,

ON THE

COAST OF MAINE.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

BY

MRS. CLARA BARNES MARTIN.

PORTLAND:
LORING, SHORT & HARMON.
1874.

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THE sketch of the topography and history of Mount Desert, which forms the principal part of this little book, includes nearly the whole of a monograph which was first privately printed in May, 1867. The date is of some importance, as parts of it have been so often quoted that they may seem to belong elsewhere than in this their original setting.

To it have now been added some notes upon the routes to Mount Desert and the excursions to be made there, in the hope of making it serve the double purpose of a Guide-book at the Island, and at home in wintry days a souvenir of pleasant summer-time.

May, 1874. C. B. M.

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MAP OF SOMES SOUND.

MAP OF THE EASTERN SECTION OF THE ISLAND.

The first of these maps has been copied from the Chart issued by the Coast Survey; the other has been prepared from unpublished drawings by the courtesy of Mr. John W. Donn, of the Coast Survey, under permission from Prof. Peirce, the recent superintendent.

ROUTES TO MOUNT DESERT.

THREE routes from Portland to Mount Desert are open to the traveller.

The least direct is that by the Maine Central Railroad to Bangor, where the night must be spent. Passengers from Boston by 8 1-2 A. M. Express train, reach Bangor about 8 P. M. Stages are advertised to leave the Bangor House during the season, daily, at 8 A. M., for Bar Harbor; but careful inquiry beforehand is recommended, as to whether the stages are actually on the route. A party of any number would find it more agreeable, and hardly more expensive, to hire carriages in Bangor and drive down at their own hours.

The railroad between Bath and Waterville gives beautiful views of the Kennebec River. The stage road from Bangor is not of much interest except for the views of the Mount Desert Hills; one point on high ground near Bryant's Pond commands a wide prospect; on the right the Bald Mountain, the Great Mountain in Orland and Bluehill,—on the left are the hills in Aurora, far away the range back of Sullivan, and the Schoodic Mountain,—and in front all the bold outline of Mount Desert itself.

The only town of consequence on the route beyond Bangor is Ellsworth, the shire-town of Hancock County. Below the town the road passes through a flat country in Trenton to the bridge at Trenton Point, over Mount Desert Narrows. They are not much more than twenty rods wide at high water, and at low tide the passage has been sometimes forded. Not far beyond the bridge the road divides, turning east to Bar Harbor or keeping south to Somesville.

This journey by Bangor is so long that it would be chosen only by those who wish to avoid the sea entirely.

The second route diverges from the Maine Central road at Bath, and crossing the Kennebec river follows the Knox and Lincoln Railroad to Rockland, connecting in the morning with the steamboat for Mount Desert from Portland, not however without the inconvenience of passing the night in Rockland.

There is a half-promised scheme for a daily boat to Mount Desert to connect here with the Knox and Lincoln road, a plan much to be desired, as it will give the pleasure of the inland voyage without the perils or the pains of the open sea.

One other connection can be made at Rockland with the outside boat direct for Boston, but this should never be attempted without engaging state-rooms a week beforehand, as the boat is always crowded.

The third and favorite route has been by steamboat twice a week from Portland.

A traveller may leave Boston at 6 P. M. Friday, and arrive at South West Harbor at 12 M. on Saturday, and Bar Harbor at 2 P. M., or if he prefers, go by Somesville (see page 23). He can have all day Sunday at Bar Harbor, which, if it be clear, had best be spent on the mountain,—then can take the boat to return Monday forenoon and reach Boston at 11 A. M. Tuesday.

Those who have enjoyed this trip, on two bright summer days, will agree that nothing could be pleasanter. Sheltered by outlying islands from the roll of the sea, the route passes many a picturesque inlet and sea-side hamlet. Broad harvest fields alternate with wooded crag and ledge. The village churches show their spires afar, and the light-houses shine upon the headlands. Nor is the scene bereft of story, for,—beside Rosier and Castine, Isle au Haut and Monts Deserts, which keep the memory of the lost

dominion of France,—bay and headland, reach and river, answer to

> "names,
> Whose melody yet lingers, like the last
> Vibration of the red man's requiem."

It was the opening of this route which made Mount Desert the popular resort that it is. So long as but one stage a week connected it with the outside world, only a few artists or leisurely tourists travelling with their own horses found their way to its marvels.

The steamboat leaves Portland at 10 P. M., on the arrival of the Boston train. The first landing is at ROCKLAND on the Penobscot Bay, which is reached almost before sunrise, except on the shortest summer nights. The sight of the sunrise on the Camden Hills is worth the early rising.

These hills lie about five miles to the northwest of the steamboat's course in leaving Rockland. They are in reality a series of mountain ranges, highest close to the shore of the Bay, and falling off to the level of the country about five miles inland. The three principal heights, naming them from southwest to northeast are, Ragged Mountain, Bald Mountain, and Megunticook. A smaller hill called Mount Battu lies under Megunticook. It would be seen from the steamboat only in peculiar states of the atmosphere against Megunticook, but from Camden village, it is much the more conspicuous.

Farther up the Bay is Mount Waldo back of Belfast, and beyond Frankfort the Mosquito Mountain.

This western shore of the Bay presents many of the same combinations of mountain and sea which draw so many people to Mount Desert. That is not a distant future in which this whole coast will become a favorite resort. Not the scenery only but the climate attracts, a climate in which summer heats are tempered by sea breezes which have not lost all their bracing vigor, like the enervating atmosphere of more southern coasts.

From Rockland, the course is land-locked and leads through the islands that form the town of Islesboro northward and eastward to Castine. It is an unexpected discovery to find the town turning itself from Penobscot Bay and looking out eastward upon a harbor of its own. A reference to the county map will show how curiously these inlets separate or penetrate the towns of Penobscot, Brooksville, and Sedgwick. The drives along their shores are remarkably picturesque, and no more agreeable variety for a summer journey could be found than to take carriages at Bucksport and follow the shore of Penobscot Bay to Castine. Then take the road north again round the Northern Bay and follow the winding shore of Bagaduce Bay, then across Sedgwick to Bluehill Bay. After such a drive one will no longer wonder

at the statement that there are three thousand miles of sea-coast between Kittery and Machias.

The old town of CASTINE on the sloping hillside beside the sheltered harbor seems quiet enough, but no spot in all New England has witnessed more varying fortune.

Far back in the earliest time (1627) the Plymouth colony had a trading-house here, but on the restoration of New France and Acadie by Charles to France, it fell into the hands of D'Aulney de Charnisay, an ambitious and unscrupulous Frenchman.

East of the St. Croix the land was in possession of Claude La Tour, who, though a protestant, seems to have been scarcely less fierce than his neighbor. Between the two a bitter rivalry existed for ten years for a monopoly of the trade and for the control of the natives. D'Aulney looked for influence from home in his favor, and enlisted the aid of the Jesuit missionaries, while La Tour pleading his Protestantism with the Puritan colonists, more than once received absolutely vital aid.

There is a woman in the story too,—the wife of La Tour, an accomplished French woman, high spirited withal, whose bravery might have saved the cause of any man less imprudent than her husband.

The quarrel long smouldering blazed into open war in the spring of 1643, when D'Aulney blockaded La Tour in his own harbor (now St. John, New Brunswick).

Almost in despair La Tour beheld the arrival of a ship of fugitives from Rochelle outside the enemy's fleet. By night he gained the ship with his wife and sailed for Boston. Once there he induced the colonists to permit him to fit out four ships at his own expense. Away they sailed and attacked

D'Aulney to such purpose that he not only raised the blockade, but fled homeward and ran his ships aground (in this very harbor of Castine), the more quickly to defend himself. A sharp skirmish ensued at the mill, in which the Massachusetts men won, and they returned home with a ship taken from D'Aulney laden with a cargo of furs.

A little later a party of Commissioners from Boston were detained by him in defiance of all law or custom, and so exasperated were they, that one of them gathered a small force of discontented spirits and attacked D'Aulney at his farmhouse a few miles from the fort. Nothing came of it except the intense wrath of D'Aulney, who vowed he would stop all trade between the colonies and La Tour, and forthwith made prize of every vessel he could lay his hands on. Most of all he hoped to capture La Tour's wife who was just returning from London, but bitter was his disappointment to learn that after her safe arrival in Boston she had obtained, by much clever management, the means to charter three London ships and to sail for St. John.

Unluckily, it soon came to the ear of D'Aulney that her husband had left her for a cruise in the Bay of Fundy. Off he went, behaving like a pirate on the way; but he had to deal with a woman whose valor was worthy of her Huguenot blood. She returned his fire upon the fort to such good purpose that twenty of his men were killed and his ship barely escaped sinking.

Home he came more angry with Massachusetts than ever. The colony justly accused him of having broken a treaty,—of violating the king's peace, but he retorted with effrontery, and on his part demanded satisfaction for the aid which had been given Mme. La Tour. Between such implacable rivals it seemed almost impossible to keep the peace with either, but

the Governor once more attempted negotiations. Apparently the colonists realized that the nearness to them of the Penobscot trading-house and its violent master made it more important to treat with him. A considerable sum was awarded him and then comes one gleam of humor to light up the stormy scene. Over and above the money, so the old chroniclers say, the magistrates sent him as a token of their good will "a flattering present,"—"an elegant *sedan* which being sent by a Mexican Viceroy to his sister in the West Indies" fell into the hands of a Captain who had presented it to the Governor. One may well suppose it the first and the last of the kind in the town. Can one fancy the wife and daughter of D'Aulney parading in it from the fort to the farm-house, and from the farm-house to the mill.

But the long delay of the negotiation was fatal to the cause of La Tour. It prevented supplies from reaching him, so that reduced by necessity to set out on a cruise, he left the fort so unprotected that it fell before another attack from D'Aulney. He brought off here, in plunder of all kinds, not less than ten thousand dollars; but his chief prize was the noble wife of La Tour herself. Not long, however, was his triumph. The terror of imprisonment was the last sorrow of her tragic life, and within three weeks she died broken-hearted.

The wretched La Tour sought in vain to atone for his imprudence. He disappeared from the country, leaving as it seemed, a complete victory to his rival. D'Aulney survived but a few years, apparently having exhausted all his vigor in this bitter personal hatred.

But of all the story, the sequel is the strangest. Not long after the death of D'Aulney, La Tour reappeared and married his widow. Thus he entered into undisturbed possession of both territories. Several children were born to him and the

story ends in the prosperity of a peaceful trading establishment. One last glimpse of the family is given in the will of the daughter of D'Aulney who became a canoness of St. Omer's, and who bequeathed her fortune to her half brothers and sisters, the children of her father's hated rival.

Forty years later the Penobscot trading-house was made the object of mingled jealousy and avarice to the English colonists by another Frenchman, him whose name the town now bears.

For something like thirty years the Baron Vincent de Castine lived here, "to the French a mystery, to the colonists a prodigy." A man of education, of noble birth and of courtly manners, he had held a high position in the French army at Quebec, which he suddenly resigned and betook himself to the wilderness. In this lonely spot by the sea, half merchant, half missionary, he won from the Indians a loyal devotion such as they gave no other white man. The whole sad tragedy of Indian warfare known as King William's War, had its beginning in an outbreak of resentment on their part at an attempt to rob Castine. Again and again, the trading-house was attacked by parties of English on various pretexts, and at one time it was plundered of everything except the plate and ornaments of the little chapel. Nevertheless, Castine maintained his position, until about the year 1700 he chose to return to his native Pyrenees, carrying with him a large fortune.

He left behind him a son, "Castine the younger," who, without possessing the strength of character or the fascinating address which had made his father so powerful, proved himself a man of magnanimity and forbearance. His aid was more than once required in difficult negotiations between the French and English, but his departure for France in 1721 severed finally, what seems to have been the strongest bond

that ever existed between the Indians and the white men in New England.

Sixty years of quiet life pass over the scene, till in 1779 an armed fleet from Halifax enters the harbor. A rude fort is soon built by the soldiers it brings, to the alarm of all the eastern settlements. A hurried and importunate petition is sent to the General Court, and so prompt is the response of Massachusetts that only forty days from the landing of the British, a fleet of nineteen armed vessels and twenty-four transports arrives at Bagaduce (as Castine was then called). One daring attempt is made to storm the fort which would have been remembered among the most brilliant exploits of the war, had the expedition succeeded.

But never did expedition meet fate more disastrous. Three precious weeks were lost by divided counsels. A fleet from Halifax appeared outside the harbor. In the flight that followed four of the American vessels were captured and the remaining fifteen, including the "Warren," a fine new frigate, were either blown up or burnt by their crews at different points along Penobscot Bay, the men escaping, with much suffering, to the towns west and south.

After this fatal disaster the British held undisturbed possession of the peninsula until the close of the war. In fact this garrison was the last to leave the country, not being withdrawn until December, 1783, some weeks after the disbanding of the American army.

In 1796 the town was laid out and received its present name, but there is still one more story of war connected with it.

In August, 1814, another fleet from Halifax appeared before the town. Frightened by its numbers and strength (there were three seventy-fours and two frigates) the commander blew up the fort, and like the Massachusetts men thirty-five

years before, fled up the bay. The British held the place during the remainder of the war, causing the greatest possible annoyance and even suffering, to the people not only of the town, but of all the country up and down Penobscot Bay.

So ends the curious history which links tranquil, commonplace to-day, with the tradition and romance of a far-off time.

From Castine the course lies southward past Cape Rosier through the Eggemoggin Reach, which is like a broad river varying in width from one to three miles. To the north and east are the towns of Brooksville, Sedgwick, and Brooklin, and on the other side that of Deer Isle, which includes the two islands of that name and a score or more of lesser ones. The two landings are one in Sedgwick and one on the Great Deer Isle.

Emerging from the Reach and passing the lighthouse on Harbor Island, the Isle au Haut shows far seaward, on the right, the hill which gave it its name. It lies one league directly south of Great Deer Isle and forms the eastern limit of Penobscot Bay, of which White Head, six leagues off, below Rockland, is the western.

Eastward on the left appears the well-wooded slope of the Western Mountain on Mount Desert Island. The steamboat's course lies so directly towards it that it long conceals the rest of the range;

but as the boat passes the Placentia group and rounds Bass Harbor Head, one mountain after another comes into view, till just opposite the white church on Cranberry Island, the long line is displayed before the eye even to the faint edge of farthest Newport.

Nearest at the left is the Western Mountain, then Beach Hill Mountain (or as it now appears on the Coast Survey Charts, Carter Mountain), both still covered with forest; then Dog Mountain and Robinson's which make the western wall of Somes' Sound. Next on the east of the Sound is the Brown Mountain. Then rises the vast irregular mass of Sargent which shows two or three peaks. The little Twin nestles by it in the hollow on the southeast. Then comes Pemetic which keeps in its name the Indian traditions of the Island. Last are the long slopes of Green Mountain with the little cottage at the top, and the ridge of Newport, just seen against the sky beyond.

The first landing on the Island is made at South West Harbor in the town of Tremont. In good weather the steamboat is due here by 12 M. at the latest. The village is the largest as well as the oldest on the Island. Long ago when Mount Desert

was an Ultima Thule it used to be the resort of small parties of chosen spirits. The traditions of Deacon Clarke's brown bread and clam chowder have become familiar stories, but somewhere there must be journals and note-books out of which might be reproduced against a background of mountain and sea, the portraits of the wise and the fair in the quaint setting of the primitive manners of the time. There are comfortable hotels here now, and not a few prefer the more peaceful life of the genuine sea-side village to the gay crowd at Bar Harbor.

A traveller with but little time to spare (see page 13), might be pleased to leave the steamboat here.

In good weather the boat arrives in time for dinner, after which, the drive can be taken round the western shore, about twelve miles (see page 82), or by the direct road,—to Somesville. The choice may then be made,—to take tea at the Mount Desert House and then drive the same evening the seven or eight miles to Bar Harbor, or to stay and spend the night at Somesville.

After leaving South West Harbor the western hills recede, and the remarkable inlet called Somes Sound opens. The little promontory, the "Flying Mountain," juts out across its mouth, but for a short distance there is a view of the steep eastern face of Dog Mountain, and further inland the "Narrows"

between Robinson's Mountain and Brown. Moving farther eastward the other of the Twins comes out from behind Sargent. Dry Mountain separates itself from Green, and Newport's narrow ridge resolves itself into the rounded spurs of its southern face, and so, one can count from first to last "the eight or nine notches in the Isle of Mount Desert" which Champlain saw.

Along the shore may be seen some of the spots most frequented by visitors. Close under Green Mountain is the little hamlet of Otter Creek. Just round the point are "Otter Cliffs." A mile or so further, the great cleft known as Thunder Hole,—then the bright sands of Newport Beach and, next that, the frowning bluff of Great Head.

Once past the Head, the beautiful expanse of Frenchman's Bay spreads out before us. Newport Mountain now hides all the others with its steep and rugged cliffs. Now and then there is a glimpse of the Schooner Head road. The Head itself cannot be mistaken on account of the likeness in front of a fore-and-aft schooner with jib and mainsail set. Below it at low tide can be seen the opening into the chasm of the "Spouting Horn." Across the Cove at low tide also the dark mouth of the "Oven" is visible.

The pretty cottages at Schooner Head warn the traveller that Bar Harbor is near at hand. There is only time to look at the other shore of Frenchman's Bay, Ironbound Island, and Schoodic Mountain,* the blue hills beyond Sullivan, and to count the five "Porcupines." Opposite Newport Cliffs they lie in a row, with Bar Island at the left and Bald Porcupine in the middle.

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*Height, about 400 feet.

TOPOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

MOUNT DESERT.

"An island, full of hills and dells,
All rumpled and uneven
With green recesses, sudden swells,
And odorous valleys driven
So deep and straight, that always there
The wind is cradled to soft air."—*E. B. Browning.*

The traveller along the Atlantic coast, whether by land or sea, cannot have failed to notice its monotonous character. With scarcely an exception, long beach and flat marsh extend from the coral reefs of Florida to the granite headlands of Cape Ann. Then again the sand reappears as far as Portland, when the whole aspect changes. Bold bluff and rugged cliff make the fiords of Maine the wonder and delight of artist and tourist. For a thousand miles, round

> "winding shores
> Of narrow capes and isles, which lie
> Slumbering to Ocean's lullaby"—

stretches the stern and rock-bound coast. At first there is in the Casco and Kennebec Bays, a picturesque charm, which allies the shore with the rich farms lying inland, but as we approach the Penobscot, grander outlines press upon the view. Hill and mountain crowd down to the sea, and eastward, rises

> "The gray and thunder-smitten pile
> Which marks afar the Desert Isle."—

The exact expression of the special character of Mount Desert, which, as it were, culminates the won-

der of the coast, involves antitheses and contrasts oftener employed in the creations of poetic fancy, but here, absolutely necessary to convey any adequate idea of the country. Bleak mountain-side and sunny nook in sheltered cove—frowning precipice and gentle, smiling meadow—broad, heaving ocean and placid mountain lake—dashing sea-foam and glistening trout-brook—the deep thunder of the ground-swell and the solemn stillness of the mountain gorge —the impetuous rush and splash of the surf and the musical cadence of far-off water-falls—all mingle and blend in the memory of this wonderful land.

It is difficult to make such a peculiar topography understood even with the aid of a map, but some conception of it may be formed from the following facts.

The Island lies one hundred and ten miles east of Portland and so near the main land as to be separated from it, on the north, only by a narrow arm of the sea which is crossed by the Trenton bridge. It covers a hundred square miles and includes three towns. The southern is named Tremont; the second, in which are most of the mountains, Mount Desert, and the third and northern, chiefly on the low land, is the last that one would expect to find on *Mount Desert* Island, "Eden" itself.

Its greatest length is fourteen miles in a line running a little east of north, from Bass Harbor Head to Saulsbury's Cove, and its greatest breath eight miles on a line directly west from Schooner Head on Frenchman's Bay. Its harbors have been long well known. Two of them on the south shore are named, somewhat to the perplexity of travelers, respectively, Southwest and Northeast. The fact that the names are given in reference to their positions on either side of the entrance to Somes' Sound explains the anomaly. A third, Bar Harbor, is on Frenchman's Bay on the northeast side of the island, and is formed, as its name implies, by the bar which unites one of the Porcupine Islands with Mount Desert. The village at this harbor is the place of greatest resort. It lies scattered along the shore, and, with the harbor and islands, makes a most charming picture as seen from the mountains behind it.

The mountains are upon the southern half of the Island and lie in seven ridges, running nearly north and south. Geologically speaking,* they form one

*The curious in such things will be interested to find the traces of glacial action which are left in many parts of the Island. The rocks at the Spouting Horn show the scratches very plainly, and on Green Mountain, "all the way up the last slope, wherever the rock is exposed, may be seen well-engraved, flat surfaces of rose-colored protogyne, on which the scratches and grooves sometimes run for twenty feet without any perceptible interruption."—*Agassiz.*

end of an immense horse-shoe of granite, which reappears on the main land in Sullivan, runs north about thirty-five miles, returns southward through Bluehill and terminates on Deer Isle, about twenty-five miles from Mount Desert. The great basin within is filled with the later and lighter formations known as schists. The granite and sienite which are rather indeterminately distributed are in some places of the finest quality, but unfortunately, on this Island too hard for quarrying. The pink felspar is often so abundant as to give the rocks a warm tint. The western sides of the mountain slope gradually upward to the summits, but on the east, all of them descend by steep, sheer precipices,—and, more remarkable still,—four of them into deep lakes, and a fifth into Somes' Sound, which is an arm of the sea seven miles long, and at the "Narrows" a hundred and forty feet deep.

A cross-section, eastward, through the mountains from just above Seal Cove will, perhaps, make most plain "the lay of the land." The lowland margin is here a mile and a quarter wide. Then comes Seal Cove Pond two miles long, noted for white perch of goodly size and flavor. Then a mountain range,—next, Great Pond, five miles long, and reminding one

of the Penobscot River Narrows. Next to this lies Beech Hill and Beech Hill Ridge. From this ridge is a fine western view, and it is very easy of access, being not more that two miles from Somesville. Deming's Pond lies in the shadow of Beech Hill cliffs, and the road from Somesville to Southwest Harbor runs along its eastern shore. The third ridge consists of two very distinct mountains, the lower one being Dog Mountain, already mentioned as bordering on the Sound. Its eastern face is probably the most remarkable point on the Island, being an almost perpendicular descent of six hundred feet, and this too, be it remembered, into the waters of the Sound, at its very foot. To some persons, this Sound is the greatest wonder of all, and there is an irresistible fascination about sailing upon it. Its narrow length and lofty shores make it subject to dangerous squalls, but, with a skillful hand to veer the sail, nothing could be more delightful than the mornings we spent upon its waters, floating—no whence no whither,—now drifting on a sea of glass, now scudding swiftly before brisk breezes,—guiding our little boat under the birchen shadows of the Narrows, or pausing, awe-struck, under the dark frown of the cliff, while the great bald eagle sailed over our heads,

and the solemn echoes rolled grandly above the murmur of the pines. East of the Sound another mountain rises. Then comes a valley, in which the road leaves, on either side, a bright pond. The next mountain, with its spurs, is the third in size on the island. There is a small lake on it of much reputation, but some visitors this year found themselves poorly repaid by the attractions of the lake itself. But the view of the distance, and of six ponds near by, will make it worth while to build a road to the summit at no distant day. Between this Sargent Mountain and Green Mountain, are three hills and four lakes. The largest of the three is most distinctly seen from the road between Bar Harbor and Somesville. It will be remembered by its sharp, serrated edge. The other two are fitly seen only from the sea front of the Island. Of the ponds, Eagle is farthest north and much resorted to for trout. This year fifteen trout, weighing fourteen pounds and a half, were caught there in two hours. Emptying into this pond is another, at present very difficult of access, through the forest, which is almost impenetrable, as much of the first growth still remains in this innermost heart of the Island. Next south of this, are the two hills already mentioned,

the Twins, or, on the map, the Bubble Mountains. At their feet, looking southward, lies Jordan's Pond, likewise famed for trout. Approaching it on the south from the sea, one is at once impressed with the beauty of the scene. It is the loveliest spot on the Island. With the Twins at its head and the loftier ranges on either side, the lake sparkles in its rugged mountain setting, — the Diamond of the Forest. The Twins themselves, are of an exquisite grace, suggesting the tenderest simile. Vainly I tried to sketch the sunset shadows upon them, and the long light across the lake, till the twilight gathered, and the lone trumpet of the loon sounded in the air. The outlet of the pond is through another, which is the fourth in this valley, these two running south and the others north into Duck Brook above Bar Harbor.

Eastward still is Green Mountain or "Adam's Grave,"*—the longest and largest, as well as highest mountain on the island. It extends six miles from Duck Brook to Otter Creek and has a bold spur on the northeast, which is sometimes separately distinguished as the Dry Mountain. The top of Green

* Long ago, some gentlemen of the Coast Survey, finding the mountains lay just *outside* of Eden named them "Adam's Grave," Eve's, etc.

Mountain has long been visited by tourists, and is the excursion least to be omitted. A small but comfortable cottage has been erected there where one can dine or spend the night. There is a tolerable road up and one may ride all the way to the summit, though the usual and, perhaps, more agreeable plan is to walk from the Half-way House on the Somesville road. The whole distance from Bar Harbor cannot be more than four miles, and good walkers call it less.

The reader who has followed me thus far, must already have divined something of the unparalleled wonder of the view from the summit. Half ocean, half land, and the middle distance a bright mosaic of island and bay,—it stretches from far Katahdin at the north, a hundred and twenty miles as the crow flies, to an unlimited distance over the sea. Whittier, who of all our poets, best expresses the spirit of New England scenery, thus describes it in his legend of "Mogg Megone."

> "Beneath the westward turning eye
> A thousand wooded islands lie,—
> Their thousand tints of beauty glow
> Down in the restless waves below.

"There sleeps Placentia's group,—
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath, white and thin,
Swells in the north vast Katahdin;
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay."

Two days unite in my recollections of the scene; one, the clearest and brightest of all that year, when Katahdin's broad pyramid rose on the utmost horizon, "the distinctest mountain on all this side the continent," and, opposite, not a ripple stirred the halcyon sea,—far,—far off,—till the eye failed for seeing. This year, low, soft clouds narrowed the view, and we climbed round the mountain's brow looking down into the gorges below, and watched the showers passing by, till the sun came out beyond them, and though all the land was gray through the intervening rain—bay and river shone like molten silver that glowed to gold, as the sunset glory came on, and the King of day short forth a lurid crimson

glare, then suddenly vanished into night. Then, turning seaward, we counted each

> "Lonely coast-light set
> Within its wave-washed minaret."

Five of them glimmered or flashed along the shore, and the farthest of all, as it hung in mid-air, the beacon on Mt. Desert Rock, twinkled like a star. As the evening air grew chill we gathered round the cheery blaze of the cottage fire, and a late-comer from the world below, told us the tale of Heart's Content.

The brief summer night waned speedily, and at four o'clock, we were summoned to see the sun rise. Alas! that mountain sunrises should be so uncertain! My friend had spent the night alone in the old Coast Survey Observatory five years before, and daylight found him surrounded by a dense fog. This time we fared little better, for all the much-desired splendor ended in—

> "Red sky in the morning,
> Sailors take warning"—

and the rain began to fall. Fearing to be detained by a veritable storm, two of us left the cottage at ten minutes past five, and walking all the way

reached our house in Bar Harbor at seven. The shower ceased shortly after we started, and among the pleasantest of my memories, is that fresh morning walk, as we passed under the soft gray light in the stillness of the woods, brushing the gossamer from before our faces, while the squirrels chirped over our heads or skipped,—one,—two,—three,—across our path, and the early songs of the birds rang above us. One of them, of three sweet, slow notes, then the same repeated rapidly, ended with a gladsome twitter that went to one's very heart.

Between Green Mountain and Newport, is the valley well known as "The Gorge." The road from Bar Harbor to Otter Creek runs through it. The stranger to Mt. Desert, remembering the Flume or the Crawford Notch, would disallow its claim to grandeur if I gave for it only heights and distances. It is not in itself alone that the Gorge is so remarkable, but that such a valley should lie so near the ocean. The cliffs that wall it in, overlook the open sea. The bubbles in the brook that sparkles by us, will in an hour be lost in the surf, and the splash and ripple of the cascade afar upon the mountain side, chords with the deep monotone of the ground-swell. The narrowest part of the Gorge is three

miles from Bar Harbor. The drive is pleasantest in the afternoon, when the western shadows are long.

Last of all, is Newport Mountain, on which is a small pond. The eastern side of this mountain borders the Schooner Head road. Like all the eastern faces of the mountains, its cliffs are steep and rugged. They rise in "grim rampart and solid bastion" against the fury of the eastern gales.

This completes the cross-section of the Island, and brings us to the eastern shore.

The Coves and Headlands at this end of the Island are of special interest. The view up Frenchman's Bay from any point is fine, and where it includes the five small islands called the Pocupines, is of singular beauty. At Schooner Head, four miles from Bar Harbor, are the "Spouting Horn" and the "Devil's Oven," each alone, worth a long journey to see. The Head derives its name from the likeness on its front of a fore-and-aft schooner with jib and mainsail set. The Spouting Horn is a cleft in the rock at the summit of the Head. At its bottom, a passage, worn through a softer rock, opens out to low-water mark. The surf boils and seethes through this opening, and at certain times of the tide, when the southeast wind prevails, it rushes up through the

Horn with deafening roar and, with terrific force, is dashed many feet above the tops of the trees.

Southward, across the Cove, is the "Oven,"*—a huge cave, hollowed out by the waves, and accessible only at low tide. Passing over the rocks above it late one afternoon, when the black waves nearly filled its yawning mouth, it seemed the abode of all grim deaths and desolations; but when the morning sun shone into it and we climbed down across the dripping weeds,—lo! a fair garden at our feet. O marvel of radiant life beneath the sea! Each tiny cleft was alive! In one alone which I could cover with my hand, were seven anemones, while the broad rock-pool on the floor of the cavern, enamelled with pink and pale green, was crowded with every beautiful variety of them, from wee, white daisy-buds to the great tawny creature whose broad side, striped

*Such was the name it had of old. Fancy has called it now, "Anemone Cave." Pretty as the name is, it grieves one to say that this will shortly be a misnomer, for the beauty and splendor it had is already quite gone. The few little anemones which have escaped the eager hands of admiring visitors, seem like the forlorn late flowers that survive the first attack of the frost, only to die its last victims. The old lovers of Mount Desert must protest against the selfishness which not only strips Anemone Cave of its treasures, but robs the loveliest dells of their moss and ferns.

If the present destruction goes on, the strict assertion of private ownership will be the only means of preserving the beauty of the woods or the shore.—(1874.)

with amber and crimson, covered my palm. In among them nestled all the strange creations of this wondrous sea-life,—as safe in their stormy home as the violet beneath the pine. The sunlight reflected from the blue waves shone on the dark vault above us, as through broad glowing window down cathedral nave, and sitting there, one Sunday morning, with wind and wave and echo for organ-roll, we sang the "Old Hundredth."

A mile and a half from Schooner Head is Great Head. It is the point of the Island farthest to the southeast and most exposed to the open ocean. It has often been sketched and painted, but no description can do justice to its savage grandeur. It is not to its height alone that it owes its impressiveness, but to the peculiarly massive formation of the rocks,—the overhanging of the whole cliff, and the never-ceasing beat and roar of the waves below. Though there is very deep water at its base, it would be almost impossible to land there, even in calm weather.*

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* "Full on the coast the great waves' thunder-shocks
Roll, and afar the wet foam-vapors fall.
No road-stead there, no haven seemed at all,
Nor shelter where a ship might rest at ease;
But from the main earth darted a wild wall
of headlands."

The tourist should take the shore between the two Heads, either in going or coming, for every step is interesting. He will especially notice, besides the Devil's Oven,—the curious conglomerate boulders scattered along,—the white birches above a grassy bank in the cove,—a rift in the rocks where the waves dash under with a sound like a distant salvo of artillery,—and a castellated crag, overgrown with a gray lichen, which perfectly resembles a hoary ruin, clad with ivy,—gray,—not green.

A little to the west of Great Head, and in the strongest possible contrast to it, is Sandy or Newport Beach, which borders a pretty natural meadow. From this point, the western view of the lower spurs of Newport Mountain is very beautiful, when the afternoon shadows bring out the cliffs and ravines.

Except in one or two almost inaccessible valleys, the forest primeval is all gone; but huge stumps and scathed trunks show what the axe and the fires have done. The three western mountains and the Twins

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A whole volume of poetry might be gathered to illustrate Mount Desert scenery, but the guide-book must only permit itself this bit and one other from the same source, to bring to mind how the old is still the ever-new, and how fresh and true, the words of that morning of the world still are for our far-off western shore. (1874.)

are covered with second growth, but the other summits are bleak and bare. In the valleys and on the open land, there is a larger proportion of the more graceful forest trees, than is common upon the coast. The Norway pine, the larch, the hemlock, the white cedar, the arbor vitæ of the garden, and the white birch, are all abundant. Could a gentleman transfer to his park the woods of Bar Island, they would be the envy of all his neighbors. One, wise in the secrets of Flora, spoke of disappointment in finding so few of her rarer treasures, but, to me who am only a lover of flowers, my old favorites of field and wood were never so fair. Never since my childhood have I seen such stalwart brakes, fairly roofing in the forest dells. Then, such white arrow-heads in the brook—and such roses, crimson and gold, grow by the way. How often, on the shore, we gathered the fragile bells of the blue Campanula, and bound them with long sprays of pink morning-glories, as fair and as frail as they! In the ponds are water-lilies, yellow and white, and one, two miles west of Somesville, is all starred over, as the fields with the dandelions in the spring! Walking near by on a lonely forest road, one day, we came suddenly upon a little sun-lit pool, scarce larger than a lady's shawl might cover, in the

centre of which, surrounded by attendant buds, shone the broad white chalice of a single pond-lily. Supreme in her pure beauty, this queen of the New England Flora held her sylvan court,—while the tall flags in brown furred helmets, kept stately watch and ward around her. The red bunchberry glows by the roadside in August, and the raspberry and the blackberry overhang the brooks. The whortleberry and the mountain cranberry figure in the earliest traditions of the Island, and time seems to have wrought no change in their number or their flavor.

I had hoped for a few paragraphs from my friends "Piscator" and "Venator" concerning their respective pursuits, but failing these, I must record a few hints from memory. There are deer, as might be supposed, in these large forests, protected as they have been from the ravages of the wolves by their separation from the main land. It is, perhaps, fortunate for them that the best season to hunt them is after the summer travel is over. Their numbers have heretofore been considerably diminished, by reckless attacks upon them in the winter, when the snow rendered them helpless. It is gratifying now to observe, in default of effective game-laws, the growth

of a wholesome public opinion against such slaughter. By good chance we met the best hunter on the island, and heard from him many wonderful stories of adventures over flood and fell, which require too minute an acquaintance with localities to be introduced here. But the man lives not far from Trenton Bridge, and can be found by inquiry at the Mt. Desert House in Somesville. His information would well repay a sportsman for the trouble of finding him. The Bald Eagles are frequently seen, soaring high in the air, or perched on some lofty crag, suggesting tragic stories of child-stealing, or the like,—but, luckily for the sheep-folds, no nobler deeds of prowess are on record concerning them, than their habitual robbery of the fish hawks and an occasional raid upon the hen-roosts. At Somesville, we often saw at sunset the tall cranes, sentinel-like, on the water's edge curving their long necks as they watched for their prey, or stretching their awkward legs and spreading their wings for the homeward flight.

Of the trout, we have already spoken. The keenest lovers of the gentle craft prefer the brooks, as affording the finest sport, though the largest fish are found in deep holes in the ponds, to which a guide is necessary. Worms or fresh-water smelts are used

for bait in that case, and there is at least a suggestion of too close a likeness to the common trade of cod-fishing. Even in the brooks, I am told, the fish are not susceptible to the elegances of fly fishing, but rise, at any rate in August, more readily to the vulgar attractions of worms or grasshoppers. It will not take long to exhaust the supply of fresh-water fish, but for the present, let it be especially remembered, here can be caught trout and cod in the same morning.

Of the ocean *per se*, little has been said. Perhaps there is no need since it is ever the same, in all its infinite variety and capability. Like all along the shore north of Cape Cod, it is too cold for much enjoyment in sea-bathing, but indefatigable ladies do take their daily baths at Bar Harbor. It is hardly necessary to add that there is every opportunity for sea-fishing. Those curious in such things, may even assist in taking up the lobster pots, or the emptying of the weirs. A ledge a mile south of Schooner Head, is mentioned as an unusually good fishing-ground. One of the most noted excursions is from Bar Harbor, across Frenchman's Bay to Gouldsboro', where there is a drive along the coast which commands fine views of the Mt. Desert Hills. The trip

may be accomplished in the day, but with no little risk of head winds, one way or the other, which often detain parties till past midnight. The sail between Bar and Southwest Harbors gives, on the whole, the most perfect single idea of the outlines and expanse of the mountain ranges. To accomplish it safely, requires, not only experience in sailing, but a special knowledge of the coast, for there are several dangerous sunken ledges in the way. Two or three of them are covered, even at low tide, making no show for even half an hour at a time; and then a great wave will comb over them, which would easily upset a large boat. The shadows on the hills add so much to the beauty of the landscape, that one should choose, if possible, the very early morning or the later half of the afternoon. The trip to Mt. Desert Rock, from Southwest Harbor, is too long and too rough for many to enjoy it, but the very exposure offers an attraction. The rock is but a low ledge in open ocean, about twenty-five miles south of the Harbor and has only the light-house upon it. It is impossible to land upon it except in calm weather, and no one would venture to tarry for fear of a storm. The light-keeper and his assistants are furnished with provisions to last from November to May,

and rarely have any communication with the main land, meanwhile.

The fame of the sea-wall has spread wherever Mt. Desert is known. It is three miles southwest of Southwest Harbor. No figures in feet or rods make any picture of this huge pile, but it may suffice to say that the wall extends across several coves for more than a mile. It is fifteen feet high, and in some places ten rods wide. It is composed of boulders of different sizes, washed up by the sea in some time out of mind. Beautiful specimens of green felspar, a somewhat rare mineral, are found in the ledges underlying the wall. There is another bit of similar wall east of Northeast Harbor on the top of which runs the highway.

This catalogue of points of interest might, even now, be more extended and every year will add to the number; but enough has been said to justify the admiration of returning tourists, and to give some certain information to those to whom Mt. Desert is only a name.

The Island first appears in history, included in the vast tracts of land, which rival sovereigns of Europe portioned out with studied disregard of each other's claims. One old chronicle quaintly tells how Sir

Humphrey Gilbert, at Newfoundland, "issued a general summons to the thirty-six vessels there assembled, and pronounced the authority of good Queen Elizabeth. Her claim to dominion over the sea and over the wilderness, over the whales and over the savages, was promulgated in a solemn and awful manner, and they then departed, each one to his own concerns." Almost in the same year Henry Fourth, of France, granted to the Sieur De Monts, Acadie, "from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude," or from Philadelphia to Quebec.

From the voyages of this De Monts and of his associates and successors, Mt. Desert derives all the human interest of those early years. Champlain first named it "Monts Deserts," from its wild and savage solitudes; and the name Frenchman's Bay, now applied only to the water lying immediately north and east of this island, then belonged to the whole expanse eastward to the Bay of Fundy. The name perpetuates the memory of the sore strait to which came one Nicholas D'Aubri, a priest, who accompanied De Monts in his first voyage. Being one of a party who left their boat to explore the forest, he dropped his sword by a brook where they stopped to drink. Returning to find it he soon lost his way;

and his companions after vain efforts to rescue him were obliged to leave him to his fate. For sixteen days the poor priest wandered along the shore nearly starved, till he was discovered by a party who had returned to the spot in search of reputed gold and silver, and was carried back to his companions who received him as one from the dead. This story, it may be added, is given upon the authority of one of the early historians of Maine. Remembering what war of words has arisen concerning the planting of settlements but little farther west, these traditions are proffered, subject to such amends as more able research may supply.

Mt. Desert itself, was the scene of events which, though but an episode in the history of New France, were significant, as embodying all the elements which engendered and embittered the strife of a hundred years between the French and English on the Western Continent. Colonies had been planted prior to 1610 on the St. Croix and at Port Royal. Their appeals to the French Court for aid, drew the attention of the Jesuits to this new field. More zealous, we may be sure, for the aggrandizement of their order than for the salvation of the savages, they insisted that two at least of their society should accompany

the owner of Port Royal, in spite of his ill-concealed dissatisfaction, on his return to the colony. Dissensions early arose. Poutrincourt plainly told them "it was his part to *rule them* on the earth, and theirs, to guide him to heaven." Fortune frowned upon priest and people alike, and the little handful of colonists were reduced almost to utter misery when a ship arrived from France bringing another priest, Gilbert du Thet, and materials to found a special missionary station.

The Jesuits at home had not been idle and had enlisted in their behalf the enthusiasm of Madame de Guercheville, a lady famed among the attendants of Marie de Medicis, alike for her beauty and her chastity. To her, De Monts transferred his grant, and Louis Thirteenth added to it all North America, from the St. Lawrence to Florida. By subscription from her companions at court, "glad rather to win heaven for the heathen than to merit it for themselves," this ship had been fitted out to plant the cross in the wilds of Acadie. Biard and Masse having joined them at Port Royal, they pursued their voyage toward the Penobscot, but heavy weather drove them close upon the land, the fog came round and after a night of terror lest they should be dashed

upon the rocks, they found themselves when morning dawned under the cliffs of Mt. Desert. It is agreed they must first have landed on the eastern end of the island, somewhat south of Bar Harbor. No attempt, so far as I know, has been made to locate the precise spot, but the cove at Schooner Head seems as likely as any to have been the scene of their landing. Protected a little by reefs from the storm, yet not so difficult of access but that they might have drifted into it, it must have been the most inviting spot on all that coast. Though the sheer precipices of Newport Mountain rise close at hand, and the old forest then, no doubt, shadowed the cove, yet a little pond a few rods from the shore feeds a brook large enough in the spring, even now, to turn a mill. And it is probable that the fields, which are now among the smoothest and best on the island, replace the natural pasture on which the Jesuits raised their cross, when they named the place Saint Sauveur in gratitude for their escape from the storm. They soon heard from the Indians of a more desirable site beside a quiet sea, whereon to build their houses. Biard describes it as three leagues from their first landing-place and on the shore of "The Pool."

Here, accounts differ concerning the length of

their stay, but all agree as to the cruel end. According to one tradition they remained five years and built "fortified habitations." Madame de Guercheville had furnished them with both ammunition and stores and farming implements, as well as with means sufficient for performing the offices of the Church. The Indians across the sound might hear

"The chant of many a holy hymn,
The solemn bell of vespers ringing."

"A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made, and masses are said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall, dark forms, that take their way
From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
And the forest paths to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
While, in coarse white vesture, over these,
In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin, pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands."

Whether their destruction came sooner or later, it

was complete. Argall, governor of South Virginia, had fitted out an armed vessel, to fish on the New England coast. He was driven in the fog as far north as Maine. There he heard of St. Sauveur from the Indians. Strong in the cause of King and Protestant, and yet stronger in the might of his fourteen guns, he sailed down upon the ill-fated colony, and by a single broad-side made himself its master. Du Thet was killed,—the friendly Indians scattered,—their stores rifled and destroyed,—Masse, with a few companions, left in the woods to the almost desperate chance of finding their way back to Port Royal,—and Biard and the remainder, like the villagers of Grand-Pré, carried off to the English colonies.

So passed away St. Sauveur. The chance and change of two hundred and fifty years could leave little trace of its site. The local tradition attaches itself to Fernald's Point on the western side of Somes' Sound, about two miles from Southwest Harbor. Biard's narrative gives a few hints from which a theory as to its position may be derived. He writes of a black, rich, fertile soil, a little hill which sheltered them from the northeast wind and abundant living water at hand. We drove down to the Point

one morning to verify the description for ourselves. The little hill is, in fact, a bold promontory* joined to the eastern spur of Dog Mountain by a narrow isthmus, on which are Mr. Fernald's pastures. His farm lies principally south of the hill, and is considered one of the best on the Island; to which result, "the black, rich, and fertile soil," no doubt contributes, but more likely his success is due, in the main, to his appreciation of the value of sea-manures. There is a spring at high-water mark on each side of the Point, and a brook runs from the mountain though the pasture. The mountains in Biard's day were covered with a heavy hard-wood growth, and as the sound is here completely land-locked, the Point and cove would offer the most tempting shelter to the storm-tost missionaries.

About half across the isthmus and a little up the hill, so as to command the water on either side without losing its shelter, are two holes in the ground which are shown as the ruins of the Frenchman's cellars. They are a few rods apart, running north and south, ten to twelve feet long at present, from two to three feet deep, and of varying width. They seem to have been gradually filled in from

*The Flying Mountain.

the hill above. They are grass-grown, and the very day of our visit a spruce, some eight inches in diameter, had been cut down in one of them. The old man who was our guide said, the cellars were there in the time of his grandfather who was the first settler, and *he* always said that they were the remains of the French colony. Our guide seemed anxious to prove that it was not strange that they had filled up so much in two hundred and fifty years, but it is surely stranger still, that *any trace* of them is left. My companion was stoutly incredulous, averring that they were only "holes in the ground," and that a little digging would prove that there is no stone work whatever about them. It is a little singular that no antiquarian has attempted to dig them out and restore them. It is certain they are very conveniently situated for such speculations. Stories of the discovery of gold buried by the French are rife, like those of pirates' treasure farther south. A bank of shells near Northeast Harbor probably marks the neighborhood of an Indian village; and Indian relics of various sorts are not uncommon.

To return to the history; new interests had arisen at home, and the high-handed outrage seems to have been but feebly resented on the one hand, and

scarcely justified on the other. No attempt was made to renew the settlement till one Cadilliac received from Louis Fourteenth a grant containing one hundred thousand acres, bordering for two leagues on the bay near Jordan's River on the main land, and the same on Mt. Desert Island, including the smaller islands lying in the bay. Cadilliac made a resolute effort to hold his ground, but abandoned it in 1713, after the cession of the whole territory of Acadie to England, by the treaty of Utrecht. Though afterwards in stations of importance, and at one time governor of Louisiana, he retained with proud affection the memory of his island dominion, and to the day of his death wrote himself "Lord of Mount Desert."

Once more the French appear upon the scene, in the persons of M. and M'me de Gregoire, the latter a grand-daughter of Cadilliac. In 1785, they laid their claim to the lands of her ancestor before the General Court of Massachusetts. The property had been included in the estate of Governor Bernard and, though confiscated during the revolution, had been restored to his son. Nevertheless, such was then the amicable feeling toward France in New England, that the General Court, "to cultivate mu-

tual confidence and union between the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty and the citizens of this State," listened to the appeal, naturalized M. and M'me Gregoire and quit-claimed to them all but lots of a hundred acres each for actual settlers. It is doubtful if they possessed the elements of character essential to success on such a soil in such a climate, for within ten years they sold most of the land to William Bingham, but they continued to live at Hull's Cove which they had made their home for the remainder of their lives. They died about 1810, and stories of their life and manners are repeated to tourists, though the descendant of the nobles of the *ancien régime* would scarce know herself in the "Madam Griguire" of the fishermen's tale. Their graves are shown just outside the little cemetery at the cove,—outside, because, as the tradition runs, protestant zeal would not admit the catholics within. But to them, all spots unblessed by priest with book and prayer and cross were alike, and they sleep quietly, the last relics of French dominion on these shores.*

*A more credible account of the position of the graves is, that for many years there was no enclosure whatever there, and when it was made the fence was built inside them by mistake. A white wooden cross has lately been placed at their heads.—(1874.)

Since the days of the Gregoires, the history of the island seems to have lost its romantic element, and lapses into the ordinary life of a lumbering and fishing community. There seems, on the whole, a steady growth in population and prosperity, though the old men talk of the golden days of their youth, when the forests were yet thick and tall. Large ships were then built, not in one, but in many of the coves of the island, and many a gallant barque sailed to foreign seas, owned and manned at Mt. Desert. A few forsaken houses, and, here and there one left to grow old half-finished, are the only visible signs of a change of fortune, and these are more than made good by new elsewhere. The varied purposes for which the second growth may be used, keep the mills busy when the ponds and brooks are high, but fishing is the main business of life,—for cod or herring at the east, or for the menhaden at home. The more intelligent and enterprising of the land-owners achieve a fair competence and live in true New England comfort. The sons and daughters of Mt. Desert have honored their native island in various callings, by land and sea. The school-house at Hull's Cove was a gift from a retired sea-captain, well known in Maine, who was a child of the neighbor-

hood. The villages at the harbors and at the head of the sound have, each, its church and regular Sunday service, and the traveller passes the ancient school-houses, at the corners where four ways meet,—on the windy hill that overlooks the sea, or almost lost in the shadow of the wood. In most of the districts a long school is kept in the spring and early summer, and a short one in the fall, for the ways are too long and rough for the children in the winter.

To many of the people, the harvest of the sea is at once their revenue and their bane. So immediate and so abundant in its return, it draws the men away from their homes, and blinds them to any advantage to be gained by slower process. "Are they so very poor?" I asked, after some acquaintance with the interiors of the fishermen's houses, where the worn faces of the women,—all trace of beauty so early lost,—told a sad tale of discomforts,—of ill-cooked food and needless exposure to storm and cold. "Not poor," was the answer of one who knew whereof she spoke; "but they do not know how to live. The men are away two-thirds of the time, and do not mind what their homes are or how their womenkind get along. It is in the worst-looking houses that you can find the hard gold. We never knew what the

fishermen did with their money till the war brought it out." If the truth were told, it might be that it is only some faint sparks of Yankeehood which keep some of these islanders from sinking quite to the level of "the Mucklebackits," whom a fellow-voyager suggested as the imaginative type of their class. Satisfied by the ease with which a bare subsistence is earned, they despise the wealth which the sea lays at their feet at every tide. Why till these stony fields, when "the land that no man ploughs," lies at my door?—is the unconscious logic which overlooks or wastes the invaluable manures of the sea, and condemns to barrenness lands, that else, might blossom like a garden. These mountain sides might all be made into vast sheep-walks,—the whole island, like Sharon, a fold of flocks.

Such is Mount Desert. The hurried traveller, hastening from point to point, carries away a conception of only the grander, more awe-inspiring features of the scene, and recalls them with a certain "sense of breathlessness,—of holding on for one's life,"—but to him who tarries longer there comes a perception of the picturesque and tender elements which help to make up this rare combination. Along the

brooks are "sunny bits of greenery," where one may lie and dream away a summer holiday. Who that ever knew them, could forget the quiet charm of the coves at the head of the Sound,—the mill in the meadow under Dry Mountain and the merry brook below it,—or the pebbly beach on the north side of Bar Island,—the long, bright bay beyond, and the soft ripple of the waves, dying in harmony with the murmur of the pines? Calm sunrises over quiet seas, broad moonlight on shining forests, glowing sunsets across purpling distance, and tender afterglow on shadowy hills, complete the radiant changes of the days. One would fain linger till the autumnal breezes fill the air, and the October splendor lights up the valleys. Late September is likely to be most clear of fog, and one would be glad to see the wonder of the equinoctial gale, but the days are short and the dews are heavy. July will, perhaps, afford all the requisites of good weather before the dog-days begin. Even the fog is worth the watching, if one can be reconciled to its disappointments. It lies off at sea by day, drifts in at night or shifts with the tide,—now arches the valleys from peak to peak,—now caps the mountains,—now folds them in softest fleeces,—then rolls off in films of gossamer. It was

after three weary days of fog, that I first found the Mt. Desert of my dreams. Waking early, the rosy tint upon the curtain told of sun-lit skies. Beneath my window, the harbor-bar lay moaning. On one black rock, a white gull flapped his wings, while his comrades flew screaming past the dark cliffs of Bar Island. All along the shore the white spray glanced and glittered. The mountains stood blue and cold in the south,—and seaward swept the fog in great masses, like an army with banners.

One may always find goodly company at Mount Desert—wise men of affairs, accomplished men of letters, artists, students, fair women and bright girls, —but I leave to fancy, the summer idyls,—the romances by the sea.

In parting, I beg the reader to believe that I have always said less rather than more, in describing the only neighborhood of mountain and sea on all our Atlantic coast. These cliffs look down not on bay or lake, but upon broad ocean. It is to find in one, the Isles of Shoals and Wachusett;—or Nahant and Monadnock;—Newport and the Catskills.

November, 1866.

EXCURSIONS FROM BAR HARBOR.

First and nearest is the Walk, that is, the path along the shore from the steamboat-landing towards Ogden's Point. Those who knew it long ago will regret the disappearance of the morning-glories and the hare-bells, but the views of bay and islands must always be fine. There are sheltered nooks for a morning's reading, and the Indians have chosen for their annual encampment a spot just in the edge of the low woods, beyond the last of the cottages. Fanciful names have been given to many points along the walk,—the Pulpit, etc., but as they vary with the enthusiasm of succeeding summers it is difficult to identify them.

Over the Bar to the Island when the tide serves is an inviting stroll. Visitors should ascertain before starting how long the Bar will be uncovered, lest they find it an awkward delay to wait for a boat to take them back. If the season is good and the weirs are in order there is much of interest in watching the taking of the fish out of them. From the height of the Island the village of Bar Harbor shows to the best advantage. The woods on the north side of the Island are a tempting resort for a warm sum-

mer afternoon, and the pebble beach with the sunset view across the Bay is just the place for a gypsy tea, all the more, that it is so near home.

The Mill in the Meadow very near Mount Kebo, is a pleasant spot by a brown brook that ripples along under the shadows. The road turns to the left at the school-house, and almost loses itself across the fields edged with wild roses and blackberry vines.

The ascent of Mount Kebo might easily be made a part of the same walk. The view from it is rather picturesque than grand, but it repays the trouble of the ascent.

The distance to Duck Brook is trifling in the eyes of those enthusiastic pedestrians who have made Mount Desert their special field, but it is long enough to make the suggestion of driving as far as the bridge not out of place for those to whom either time or strength is precious. The real attraction of the walk is the ramble along the brook, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and not seldom in the bed of the brook itself.

The gentleman to whose estate the Brook now belongs has constructed a path with rustic seats and bridges for quite a distance, so that both the water-

falls may be reached with no great difficulty. Beyond, however, the walk becomes a scramble, for which one must have not only stout boots but well-trained feet. It has been a point of honor for ambitious climbers to achieve the whole distance to the "Mill on the Floss," where the Somesville road crosses the brook not far from its source at Eagle Lake. The "Mill on the Floss" was the huge frame of a half-built mill, which, after standing for many years, was recently pulled down in order to use the timber elsewhere. It was the most significant memento of the old "lumbering" time in Mount Desert. What giants there were in those days, may be learned from the moss-grown trunks that still lie along the banks of Duck Brook. In not a few places the remnants of the "ways" can be distinctly traced, by which the timber was brought down the hill-sides to the brook.

At "Sands' Point" are the "Ovens" by which general name the whole sea-coast population have always called those hollows which the action of the waves so frequently makes in the softer or more friable rocks. The road to the Point runs through the village at Hull's Cove, in which the only point of special interest to the traveller

is the little cemetery on the hill, where are the "French Graves" (see page 59). A walking party will find it pleasant to leave the road here, keeping to the right across Point Levi and following the shore to the "Ovens." The wagons would take the first well-travelled road to the right beyond the woods.

The "Ovens" have been re-named variously, "the Cloisters," the "Via Mala," the "Cathedral," etc.; but if one must have an architectural simile, they are really more like the bold arches with zig-zag mouldings, in the depths of which the old Romanesque builders placed their doorways. They are quite hidden from sight at the top of the cliff, and can only be reached by land an hour or two from high tide. There is a gravel beach below them then, on which quaint picnic parties have been given with the moon lighting the grim cliff behind, or the ruddy glow of bon-fires flashing up under the dark arches. They are worth at least a double visit, one by land and one by water. At high tide the boats may pass directly under the larger arches. It is worth while to suggest that the shadows from the west increase the effect both of height and depth.

At Schooner Head and Great Head, three

and four miles southeast of Bar Harbor, are the Spouting Horn, the Devil's Oven, and Newport Beach (see page 40). Tourists with little time to spare visit all these points in one day. The Devil's Oven can be entered only at low tide, and the cliffs at Great Head are more impressive at that hour, though the surf is higher at full tide or during the two hours preceding.

The drive to Otter Cliffs is through the Gorge (see page 39), the deep and narrow valley between Dry Mountain and Newport. The Cliffs are on the ocean side of the long point which makes the eastern shore of Otter Creek. The path to them leads to the right from the cottage where the wagons are left, through a beautiful piece of pine woods hung with grey moss and cushioned beneath with the softest green.

Alas, that one must ask how long will it last if it is so ruthlessly pulled up and carried off?

In the wood is a bold cliff with the trees about it blasted by lightning, that makes a wild, solitary scene.

The Otter Cliffs themselves rise straight and sheer from the water one hundred and twelve feet, and

bravely front the northeast winds that must toss the winter waves upon them with fearful force.

Another path from the house turns to the left and following the shore towards Great Head brings one to THUNDER HOLE or THUNDER CAVE, a deep chasm into which with every returning wave the water rolls and swirls, and when wind and tide conspire, the wave is thown against the overhanging rock with a blow that makes the whole cliff shake and the air tremble like the crash of thunder.*

There is a sort of bridle path from the Otter Creek road to Newport Beach that might be taken in returning. The wagons can go round to meet the party at the cottage near the beach.

The day cannot be far distant when the little hamlet at Otter Creek will be the successful rival of Bar Harbor. The views from it, whether of the sea,

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*The wind should be south of east and the tide just at the point to throw the wave under the rock. Failing this there will be disappointment, but for the right hour one may watch the chasm,

"With huge throat
Gorging salt waves, which when she cast away
She spurned with hisses (as when fire makes hot
Some cauldron), and the steamy froth upshot
Wide o'er both rocks. But when she gorged again,
Drunk with abysmal gurglings, one might note
The dark sands of the immeasurable main
Gleam iron-blue. The rocks loud-bellowing roared amain."

the long slopes of Green Mountain, or the beautifully rounded spurs of Newport, far surpass anything at Bar Harbor. It is much nearer the attractive spots at Schooner Head and Great Head, and a road up the southeast side of Green Mountain would be far more interesting than the present one.

The Twenty-two Mile Drive is the long circuit from Bar Harbor down through the Gorge to Otter Creek.

The old road so well remembered for its roughness, has been much improved and in some places wholly remade on a better line. After crossing the lower ridge of Pemetic there is a picturesque winding road to the north that takes one to Jordan's Pond (see page 35). Beyond, the main road crosses the Coves on the front of the island,—once, over the top of a sea-wall,—to North East Harbor. It then turns northward, skirting the harbor. It leaves on the left the Hadlock Lower Pond and crosses the the outlet of the Upper Pond close to the pond itself. It then passes close under the cliff of the Brown Mountain (about 700 feet high at the steepest point) through the pleasantest piece of woods on the Island. When it leaves the wood it is even then some two hundred feet above the level of the Sound. It

descends gradually until it meets the Somesville Road near the head of Richardson's Cove. Thence the drive follows the straight road to Bar Harbor, which is just on the edge of the hill country so that it gives fine views of Sargent, the Twins, and Green Mountain while nowhere else does Pemetic assert its individual self so markedly as when seen near the road to Eagle Lake. Its sharp serrated edge stands clearly out against the sky, stamping itself more strongly on the memory than any outline of all the rest.

Such is the DRIVE. It need not take more than the long half of a day, even when varied by a detour to Jordan's Pond or Somesville. But the tourist who sees it only thus has turned his back upon half its attractions. No road is known to one who has traversed it only one way. Going up from Northeast Harbor one misses much of the charm of the seaward view, or reversing it, one loses both there and on the Somesville road the best sight of the hills. Only when seen across Hadlock's Upper Pond does Sargent redeem the bold promise it makes when seen from the ocean.

Might the guide-book suggest a better fashion of making the excursion? Is it not worth dividing into

two, for all but hurried travellers; and might not Northeast Harbor be made the goal of both? Of all the little bays and coves of this "nook-shotten isle" none is fairer than this, with the smooth green fields and shaded slopes around it.

Driving thither by the Gorge and Otter Creek, one might spend an hour or two on the shore, or even eat a picnic dinner in the shade, then returning stop for a gypsy tea at Jordan's Pond just at that sunset hour when it shows its beauty most,—and so home through the Gorge as it darkens with the evening shadows.

Then some other day going by the Somesville road, then down the Sound by the Brown Mountain, a party might take that almost unknown road that leads down the right shore of Northeast Harbor, and picnic on the slope that looks out across the Sound to Dog Mountain. This would give the shorter half of the drive and there would be ample time for tea at the hospitable table of the Mount Desert House in Somesville. The guide-book ought to add, that he has not seen Mount Desert who has not seen the Sound at sunset.

The view from GREEN MOUNTAIN has been already described in the general sketch of the Island

(see page 36). Travellers who have not time to spend the night on the summit are advised to wait for the sunset, if not at the summit itself, then on the ledge that overlooks Eagle Lake. The roads have been improved enough now to make either the walk or the drive home in the twilight perfectly comfortable.

Youth and enthusiasm are wont to find scope for their ambition, in the descent of Green Mountain, by way of the deep ravine that separates it from Dry Mountain,—thence along the cliffs on the west side of the Gorge, and so down into the upper end of the Gorge, or nearer Kebo out by the "Mill in the Meadow." A less difficult, though a longer walk is down the slope to Otter Creek. This route has the advantage of the ocean-view. It is needless to say that there are fine opportunities for being lost on either walk, but it may be a useful hint to add that the one thing to do in such a case is to turn resolutely upward till some well-known point is found. Bearing this in mind, no one need be lost at Mount Desert anywhere for more than an hour or two.

It was the fashion to speak slightingly of Newport Mountain in comparison with its loftier neighbor, but in fact the lesser height and the nearness to

the shore and the sea, add a picturesque element which greatly increase the charm of the view and more than compensate for the loss in extent.

The road to the mountain turns to the left from the Otter Creek road, not far beyond where the latter leaves the one to Schooner Head.

The path ascends very gradually through the woods to the ledges, across which it is marked by little heaps of stones. Their position should be carefully noticed as the path may be missed on the bare rock. The top is rather a long flat ridge than a summit, and the walk along the edge overlooking Schooner Head almost gives the sensation of a flight in mid-air. It is as well worth while to devote a whole day to this excursion as to that to Green Mountain. Resting in some sheltered nook at the outer end of the ridge, one will find a long summer's day all too short to watch the wonderful changing lights of sea and sky. Go early enough to see the ocean glittering like a pavement of burnished steel under a dome of sapphire,—and wait for the tender, faint shadows of the waning afternoon to deepen into the dusky purple tints of the sunset.

To the lovers of a tough scramble is commended a descent through the woods to Newport Beach, but care should be taken to start early.

Pemetic is at present beyond the reach of ladies. It is a long, hard climb to the top, from Jordan's Pond, and a better way to it is by boat up Eagle Lake to the sand beach at the head. Here may be found what little remains of the old forest on the Island. Through this the ascent is slow on account of the fallen timber, but it is perfectly practicable and need not take above two hours. The view might be considered finer than that from Green Mountain from its nearness to the many islands lying southwest, but this is even more true of Dog Mountain or Western, which are much easier to reach. The chief contribution of Pemetic to the attractions of the Island, is its sharp, jagged outline when seen either from the north or south.

This completes the group of excursions of which Bar Harbor may be termed the centre. There is, in fact, no part of the Island which is not easily accessible from there in one day, but the objects of interest at the head of the Sound and to the west of it, naturally group themselves round Somesville and Southwest Harbor.

The excursions by sea can be so varied, according to the time or pleasure of tourists, that a guidebook can hardly enumerate them.

EXCURSIONS FROM SOMESVILLE.

In old times, Somesville, with a stage and a mail twice a week, even in winter, was on the high-road of travel, but it is now quite left to itself, except for a merry dinner or tea-party at the Mount Desert House.

There are, however, many pleasant walks in the neighborhood. Boating on the Sound has a variety to be found nowhere else, and when proper craft are provided, the three lakes are sure to be much frequented.

The Sargent Mountain is usually ascended from Somesville by crossing the Sound and landing near the brook at the mouth of Sargent's Cove. The wood roads once existing have been pretty much overgrown, so that there is no regular path. It is a long, hard climb, and would repay only those who want the walk for its own sake. The summit is too far from the sea or the Sound, and the landscape too much hidden by the great spurs to make the view equal to that from Green Mountain. What is most remarkable about Sargent is these great spurs, or shoulders, nine hundred and a thousand feet high, which make it rather a group of peaks than a single

mountain. Eagle Lake, Jordan's Pond, and the Hadlock Ponds, lie close under them, and the view down into them, from the overhanging precipices, is said to be well worth the labor of the long circuit of the mountain sides.

The three ponds that lie west of the Sound are within a circle made by the road west from Somesville to the foot of the GREAT POND—thence across the flat country to the head of Seal Cove Pond which is very near the sea-shore. This pond lies just under the side of the Western Mountain. It empties into Seal Cove, which, with its high banks and narrow outlet, makes the most picturesque scene on the western coast. The cross-road to the left should be taken just after passing the bridge. This crosses the Island directly to Norwood's Cove on Somes Sound—thence, turning to the left, the road to Somesville is followed with Dog Mountain and Robinson's on the right, and Deming's Pond on the left. Across the pond is ECHO CLIFF, a precipice four hundred feet high.

Pleasant as this drive is, it fails to give any adequate view of the GREAT POND. To know how beautiful that is, one must go by the road along the top of Beach Hill Ridge, which commands a fine

western prospect, to a farm road that leads quite to the water's edge. The pond lies in a long valley between the Western Mountain and Beach Hill (the Carter Mountain), whose beautiful forest-covered slopes rise gently round it, giving to the landscape a serene aspect that contrasts agreeably with the barren cliffs along the Sound. There is a beach at the upper end that only needs to be suggested to pic-nic-lovers to be often frequented. It is not too far from Bar Harbor for an excursion, and so soon as good boats are provided to take parties from the main road at the foot of the pond, a day on "the Great Pond" will have its place among the most memorable at Mount Desert.

The road along the ridge extends quite over the Carter Mountain. It is called a wagon road, though it is a rough one, and perhaps the excursion would be most agreeably made by walking over the Mountain, the wagons being sent round to a point high up on the lower side, and the return being made along Deming's Pond. What makes it worth the doing is the gradual opening of the view seaward. The walk should always be taken *from* Somesville.

There is a tempting opportunity for a very rough scramble through the high valley between Robinson's

Mountain and Dog. Leave the high road when a little above the north end of the Echo Cliff opposite, and, keeping near the steep rocks on the left, cross the ridge and descend to the shore of the Sound by the bed of the Man-of-war Brook. The Gold Digger's Glen is near by.

To reach Dog Mountain from Somesville, follow the South West Harbor road for about three-quarters of a mile below Deming's Pond, then through the bars at the left to the little cottage under the mountain. The ascent may be made in half an hour, and is so easy that there is hardly any regular path. Keep straight up behind the cottage over the first pitch, then gradually to the left till the summit shows itself.

Many visitors have felt this view more impressive than anything else at Mount Desert. After a mountain walk, so easy as to be common-place, one suddenly finds one's self on the brink of Eagle Cliff, a precipice that falls sheer down hundreds of feet to the dark water below. More even than Newport Cliffs, it gives the sense of being poised in mid-air. Like them its nearness to the water gives an effect of height far beyond the actual one.

EXCURSIONS

FROM SOUTH WEST HARBOR.

All the west of the Island is as easily reached from South West Harbor as from Somesville.

Dog Mountain may be ascended by taking the road to Fernald's Point and leaving it near the head of Norwood's Cove. There is a wood-road that leads thence to the cottage under the mountain mentioned in the Somesville excursions, but the climb right up from the Cove is not very difficult, and it affords fine views of the Sound and of the face of Eagle Cliff. (see page 33.) The same walk might include the reputed site of the Saint Sauveur colony (see page 55), or that may be visited on the way to the Flying Mountain, the low conical hill that stands like a sturdy little warden at the gateway of the Sound. Its curious position makes it a kind of central point for views of the most varied kinds, and some of the most beautiful landscapes uniting mountain and sea to be found at the Island are here.

There is a drive along the shore of Bass Harbor to the Lighthouse and the Head, which gives a view of the open ocean like that at Great Head. No visit to Mount Desert is complete without a visit to the Sea Wall. (see page 49.)

But the special claim of South West Harbor upon the tourist lies in the attractions of the Sound and the ocean itself.

This is the best point from which to undertake the trip to MOUNT DESERT ROCK. Throughout the summer there is constant communication with the light-keeper, and for parties who can wait for clear weather, the trip can be easily arranged.

There is a regular ferry to the CRANBERRY ISLANDS. Tourists will soon find out what artists have long known, that some of the finest views of the hills are to be had from Little Cranberry Island. A stay of a night there is even to be recommended for the sake of the sunset and the sunrise on the hills. Like their kindred the "Camden Hills," they sometimes take on a wonderful purple tint, not the cold dark hue we see on mountains inland, but with a roseate light beneath as if illumined by a glow within.

Boating at the head of Somes Sound has a charm all its own (see page 33), but one must sail up from South West Harbor to see fully the wild grandeur of this mountain fiord.

At the entrance on the west are the green slopes of Fernald's Point, and the "Flying Mountain;"—then "Eagle Cliff" (the eastern face of Dog Moun-

tain). The "Man-of-war Brook" comes down the high valley between Dog Mountain and Robinson's. The bluff close above it is known as the "Crow's Nest." It makes one side of the "Narrows," and is nearly six hundred feet high. The Brown Mountain on the other side is quite four hundred feet high close to the Sound, though its greatest height (880 feet) is some distance east at the cliff by Hadlock's Pond. Above the Narrows the Sound widens and the mountains recede—the bare rugged sides of Sargent throwing into strongest contrast the smooth fields round the little village of Somesville, which forms the terminus of the voyage.

HOW TO MAKE THE

BEST USE OF A SHORT VISIT.

Those fortunate persons who have a month or more to spend at Mount Desert, and can make the excursions at leisure, with the suggestions of those yet happier people who are all-summer residents, do not need the help of the guide-book. To the hurried traveller it is of the last importance to do only that which is best worth doing. The following hints are therefore offered for his benefit.

If the day be clear the ascent of Green Mountain should be the first excursion of all, for no other so completely reveals the wonder of the island in the combination of mountain and sea. It is hardly worth while to endure the discomfort of a night on the summit unless one is sure of a clear sunrise, for the descent is so easy that it may very well be delayed till after sunset. Or a halt can be made on the way down, at the ledge that overlooks Eagle Lake, for a picnic tea at sunset.

Schooner Head and Great Head have always borne the palm as the finest points on the shore, but something of their pre-eminence may be due to the fact that, in all the early time when horses were almost unknown, these two Heads were not too distant

for a walk. Now they must divide the honors with Thunder Hole and Otter Cliffs, which lie farther to the southwest near Otter Creek Cove.

On a long July day, a party can drive to Schooner Head, see the "Spouting Horn" and the "Oven," —perhaps dine there,—then sending the horses round by the road follow the path through the woods to Otter Creek, and visit "Thunder Hole" and the "Cliffs." The drive home would show the "Gorge" just after sunset when it is very impressive.

A day of fog need not interfere with this excursion, except the walk through the woods, and if there come a real storm with low driving clouds and a heavy surf, the expedition would repay a good deal of exposure to wind and rain. The traveller from far inland will take away a much more vivid sense of the grandeur of the ocean from such a day than from one of sunshine alone.

It is possible to combine the Twenty-Two Mile Drive and the ascent of Dog Mountain in one expedition, though this is not to be recommended to any one who has two separate days to devote to them.

It was made by two ladies in September, '73, with perfect ease, leaving Bar Harbor at 9 A. M., and returning at twenty minutes before seven P. M. They

drove first through the Gorge to Jordan's Pond, spent a half an hour at the shore, then on to Somesville to dinner. The ascent of Dog Mountain took about two hours and a half. The road thither passes close to Deming's Pond, giving a fine view of the Echo Cliff. It may be well to add that to make so long a jaunt with comfort the wagons ought not to be filled as for Great Head. Six for each ought to be enough. It is also worth while to order beforehand the dinner at Somesville.

A fourth day may be given to a morning at Duck Brook or the "Cloisters" and an afternoon on Newport Mountain or *vice versa*. But it would be best in either excursion to drive as far as the road goes, saving time and strength for the walk by the brook or up the mountain.

These four days would thus give a visit to all the most remarkable points on the Island, but the plan is by no means recommended to any one who has time to enjoy them at leisure.

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At Rollinsford, for Great Falls, N. H.

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Passengers by this line will find first-class dining rooms at Boston, Exeter, and Portland. All trains stop 10 minutes at Exeter.

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on all the floors; a private walk leading from the house to the shore of the tide for retirement and bathing purposes, and a new side-walk to the steamboat wharf, render this place a home for the invalid; ladies and children and such can be accommodated with rooms with fire and homelike privileges.

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Have the best line of novelties in the city.

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IN GREAT VARIETY.

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Cribbage Boxes and Playing Cards.

Visitors are always welcome to our store.

Glen House, N. H.

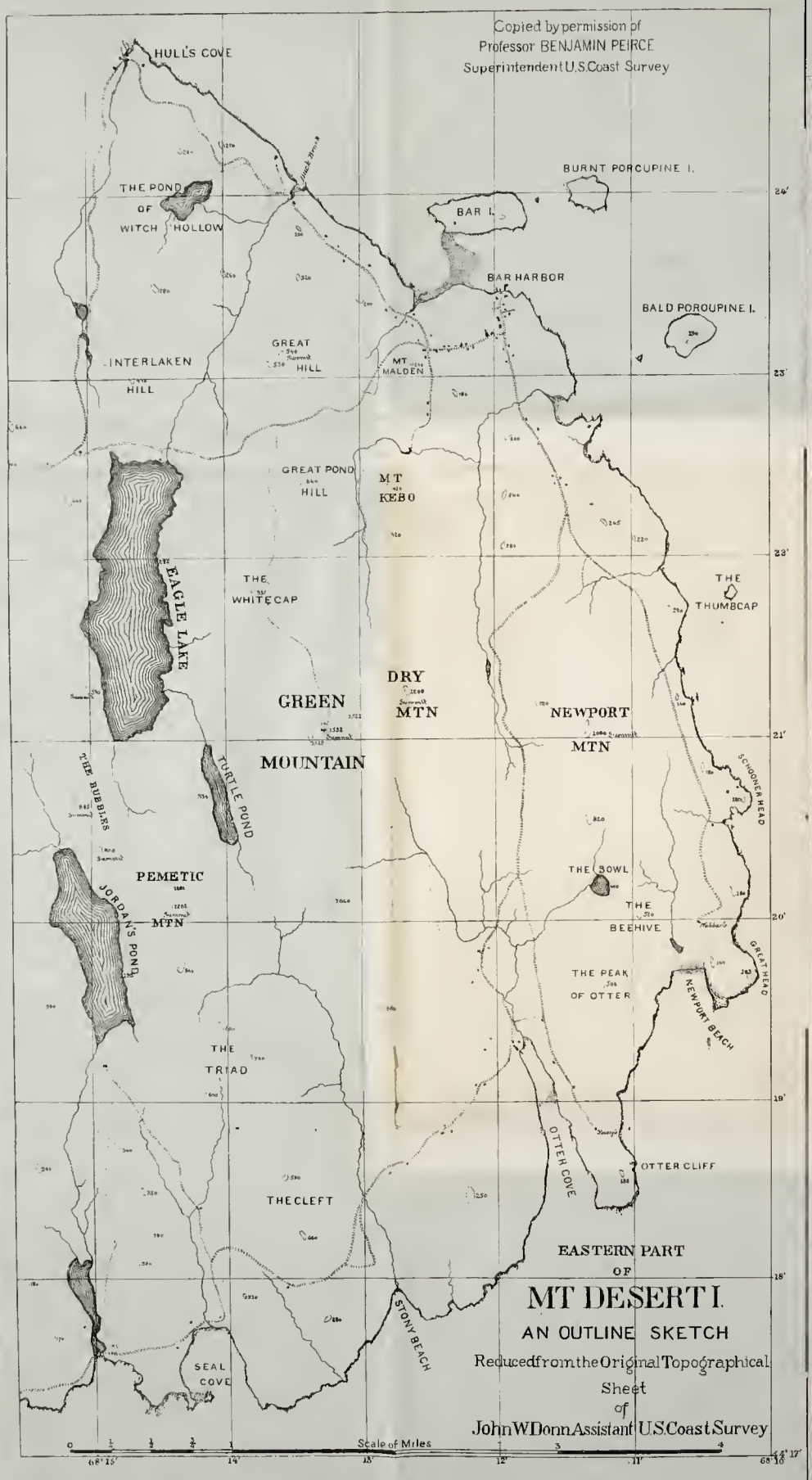
W. & C. R. MILLIKEN, Proprietors.

This widely known favorite Summer Resort, will be reopened June 16th, 1874. It is one of the largest summer resorts in the United States, elegantly furnished, and every room is lighted with Gas. This fine establishment occupies a most picturesque location in the beautiful Valley of the Peabody River, within a few rods of Mt. Washington Summit Carriage Road (which is one of the best constructed Roads in the country), the only House where its extensive Piazzas hold a front and grand commanding view from Base to Summit of Mts. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, head of Tuckerman Ravine and the Carter Range; forming the finest panorama to be obtained in the whole mountain region of New Hampshire.

The Summit (the buildings of which can be distinctly seen from the piazza of the Glen House), is reached one hour quicker than from any other House in the Mountains. Other drives of especial interest are to Glen Ellis Falls, Crystal Cascade, and the Imp.

The access to the Glen and Mt. Washington is unequalled by any other Mountain House, being only one day from New York via Boston, ten hours from Montreal and Quebec.

It is not only noted for the beautiful Location—Drives—fine Band—excellent Table—large Rooms and Staging—which is equal to any in the United States, *but for the immediate relief it gives to the many who are afflicted with Catarrh and Hay Fever.*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Professor BENJAMIN PEIRCE
Superintendent U.S.Coast Survey
HULL'S COVE
THE POND OF WITCH HOLLOW
BURNT PORCUPINE I.
BAR I.
BAR HARBOR
BALD PORCUPINE I.
INTERLAKEN HILL
GREAT HILL
MT MALDEN
GREAT POND HILL
MT KEBO
EAGLE LAKE
THE WHITECAP
THE THUMBCAP
DRY MTN
GREEN MOUNTAIN
NEWPORT MTN
TURTLE POND
THE BUBBLES
SCHOONER HEAD
PEMETIC MTN
JORDAN'S POND
THE BOWL
THE BEEHIVE
GREAT HEAD
THE PEAK OF OTTER
NEWPORT BEACH
THE TRIAD
OTTER COVE
OTTER CLIFF
THE CLEFT
STONY BEACH
SEAL COVE
EASTERN PART
OF
MT DESERT I.
AN OUTLINE SKETCH
Reduced from the Original Topographical Sheet
of
John W. Donn Assistant U.S. Coast Survey
Scale of Miles
0 1/2 1 1 1/2 2 3 4
68° 15' 14' 13' 12' 11' 68° 10'
44° 17'
23'
22'
21'
20'
19'
18'

FALMOUTH HOTEL.

PORTLAND, ME.

P. E. WHEELER, PROPRIETOR.

GLEN HOUSE,
N. H.

W. & C. R. MILLIKEN,
Proprietors.

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